

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

No. 579.

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as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

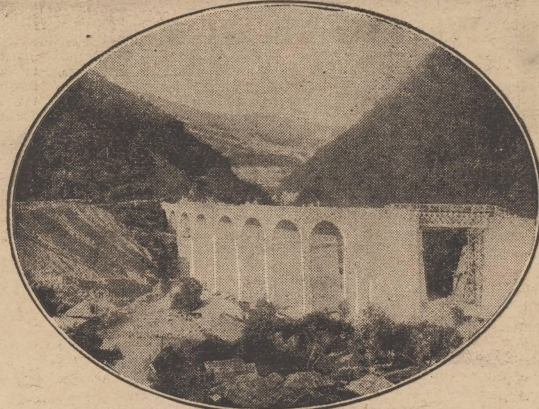
RUSSIA AND JAPAN AT PEACE WITH EACH OTHER, AT WAR WITH THEMSELVES.



Type of Russian policemen, of whom hundreds have been slain during the last three days in Baku and the surrounding districts.



The great oil wells at Balakhany, which have been burnt by the insurrectionists in the Caucasus. The troops were almost overwhelmed by the mobs, and quick-firing guns were used with deadly effect, 1,000 people being killed.



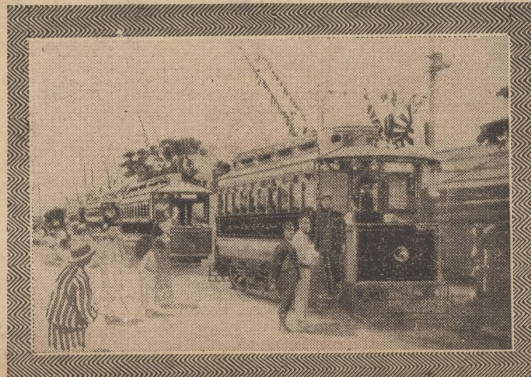
The bridge on the Baku-Batoum Railway, which has been wrecked by the Tartars. Railway communication has been cut off, and the whole country is practically at the mercy of the revolutionaries.



Type of Armenian soldiers who are fighting in the Caucasus.



The Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, whose decree in favour of peace has caused the present riotous scenes.



While Southern Russia is convulsed by revolution, serious riots are taking place in Tokio as a protest against the terms of the peace treaty. The photograph shows the trams in Tokio, which have been destroyed by the mob.



Count Katsura, Premier and Minister of the Interior of Japan, whose house was burned by the rioters.

A Complete Library for 2/6 down

Record Success of Lloyd's Extraordinary Offer

Even in an age of vast undertakings, of gigantic enterprises, LLOYD'S NEWS, which has always been in the van of journalistic enterprise and has for over half a century maintained its position as pioneer of the cheap press, is undertaking the greatest project even it has ever launched. A few weeks ago we staggered the book world with an offer as unprecedented in scope as it was unheard of in liberality. We offered 100,000 libraries to 100,000 homes as an advertisement for LLOYD'S NEWS. You can

imagine such a work offered on the terms we proposed would meet with instantaneous success. It did. Beyond our most sanguine expectations. So quickly did the public respond to the offer to obtain a complete library and a handsome fumed oak bookcase for only 2/6 down and the balance to be paid for at 5/- per month for a few months, that the enquiries for libraries established a record in book-buying. We had ready several thousand sets that we anticipated would amply suffice for a brisk eight weeks' demand. These were swept away in the first rush. Then followed a wave of orders that carried away all the calculations of experts. It is evident that if we wish to secure the full benefit of this, the greatest and boldest advertising idea ever put into operation, we must double our first offer and manufacture 200,000 libraries and 200,000 bookcases. This is double the next greatest output of books the world has ever known.

We are making the rest of the two hundred thousand sets as rapidly as good first-class books can be manufactured. Paper-makers, printers, and binders are working night and day to turn out the four million large volumes. If we receive your order now, we will despatch your set of the Library as soon as possible. It may take some little time to reach your turn, because each order is filled in rotation as received, "First Come, First Served." For those who order promptly the delay will not be considerable, but unless you send your order at once you will have to wait weeks, perhaps months, for your books and bookcase. If we were willing to send you inferior books it would be comparatively easy to turn them out in almost any quantity, but we are not willing to sacrifice the quality one bit for the sake of speed.

What the Library is

These 4,000,000 big volumes, which would stretch from London to Paris, are not merely a collection of 20 books full of interesting matter. The contents were selected by the greatest living book experts, from a collection of some thousand of the world's best authors, not only English, but those brilliant foreign authors that very many of us would otherwise never be able to enjoy at all. A library of all that is greatest in the literature of the world, taking only that literature which glows with fascinating interest, which lives because of its deep attractiveness. Nothing selected because it was great once, nothing given because of the author's greatness, but only those works that stand out like gleaming lighthouses on the shoals of dull literature, and only those best of the best, the works of authors in their inspired moments when they wrote ringing words that stamped their writers great.

rights, and other heavy expenses have thereby been paid for, and, added to this, the purchase of vast supplies for cash, and the manufacture on a wholesale scale, the absence of middlemen, and the all-important fact that Lloyd's is doing this for an advertisement and not for profit, enable us to offer this superb library at a price and on terms never before dreamed of, much less attempted, by any other newspaper.

Because it is done for advertisement is an additional reason for our making the quality of the books first-class in every respect. There is no advertisement on the books or bookcase, but we believe the International Library will be a subject of comment and remark in every house it enters; to delight the owner, and to please the eye of the visitor, so that we shall reap an extraordinary amount of "goodwill," which is the object of our novel advertising project. Therefore, the library must be in every respect the same as those 20,000 that already embellish 20,000 homes.

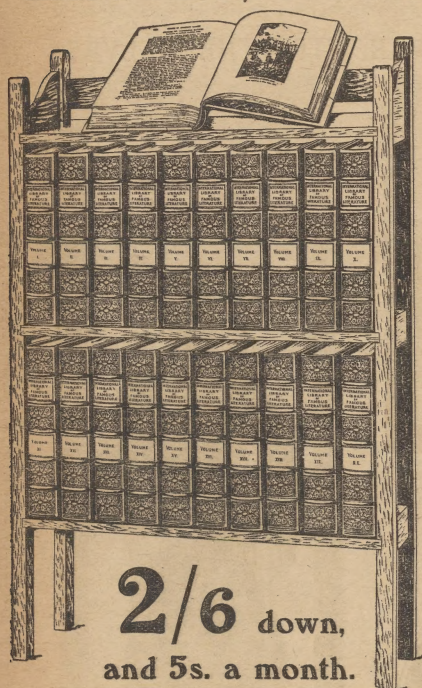
Days and hours of delight

With the Library in the home we can project pleasant evenings and Sundays for all the year. There are works that will occupy an evening to read, and there are at the other end of the line short stories that can be read in a few minutes. We can hear through all the centuries the thunderous march of victorious hosts, see the rise and fall of powerful nations, feel the rush of mighty winds, hear the voice of the jungle, brave the tempest and the dangers of the deep, while comfortably seated in our armchair.

Reading for every taste

Naturally the reader wishes to know the literature of his own country, and the British authors are fully represented, from Chaucer to Hall Caine. There are many old friends whom it is a pleasure to greet, and many more new ones whom we have the opportunity of meeting for the first time. Not English only, but the great foreign writers as well. Here is the "Tale of Two Brothers," the very oldest story in the world, curiously resembling one in the Scriptures; here is the fire of Dante; here the biting cynicisms of Voltaire; the startling realism of Zola; the courtly polish of Chesterfield; the sweet grace of Wordsworth; the convincing philosophy of Montaigne; the bitter ridicule of Cervantes; the graphic force of Scott; the brilliant wit of Sheridan; the scathing narrowness of Calvin; the rich humour of Artemus Ward; the delicious fun of Mark Twain; in fact, reading for every humour, every mood and every age. It is an ideal work for family reading. In fact it is a library to which the young folks should have access. There are besides stories for the juveniles in "Alice in Wonderland," "Robinson Crusoe," and many more.

The translations of the foreign works which represent the best of France, Italy, Spain, Russia, Germany, Persia, Arabia, Japan, China, Greece, and Rome are not merely "done into English" but are the work of gifted experts who have preserved all the charm, the delicacy, the originality of the work itself.



The International Library and its Handsome Oak Bookcase. Height about 3ft.

You pay only 2/6 down, and the twenty big sumptuous volumes and the specially designed handsome fumed oak bookcases are sent, carriage paid, to your home in London, or your railway station in the country; and you have nothing more to pay until the books and bookcase have been in your home for a whole month. After one clear month you commence paying 5/- a month for a few months until the Library is paid for.

Decide at once to avoid delay.

At the rate the libraries are being sold, only the promptest of the prompt can hope for early delivery. Orders are filled in rotation, first come, first served; and delay in ordering may mean weeks of waiting; therefore, if you wish to make sure of a library, send at once (a postcard will do) for the descriptive booklet and specimen pages, sent post free.

A FREE BOOKLET, containing specimen pages and illustrations, and telling more about the International Library and LLOYD'S extraordinary advertising offer, will be sent you post free, if you tear or cut off this corner, fill in your name and address, and post it to the Manager, "Lloyd's Weekly News," 2-2, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

If you prefer not to mutilate the page, a postcard or letter with your name and address, posted as above, will bring the booklet POST FREE.

NAME
2-2

ADDRESS

The Board of Editors

Who could be better able to criticise and select, to guide us over the dull reading to the refreshing springs of interesting literature, to show us the great authors in their most entertaining moods, than men who had spent their lives amidst books. It is a unique experience to pass 50 years in close personal touch with thousands upon thousands of readers. Such is the record of Dr. Garnett, C.B., the distinguished editor of the International Library, who for half a century held office of the Library of the British Museum. The eminent foreign editors, too, are the greatest book experts: M. Leon Vallée, Librarian in the National Library of France; Dr. Alois Brandl, of the Imperial University of Berlin; and Donald G. Mitchell, the well-known American author. No other four men ever possessed such an intimate knowledge of books, or of the tastes and requirements of people who read them.

A superb production

Their names alone stand for excellence and wisdom, and that "The Library" is in every respect a superb production is vouched for by the fact that it graces the homes of, amongst others, the Earl of Gosford, the Earl of Amessley, Lord Tweedmouth, the Duchess of Bedford, H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, the Bishop of Argyll, the Dean of Canterbury. The names of many Peers, Members of Parliament, Navy and Army Officers, well-known Members of the Bar, the medical profession, etc., appear amongst the 20,000 original subscribers.

How the price is possible

It is just because these 20,000 Libraries have already been sold that Lloyd's is able to make this unheard-of offer. The enormous cost of editors, of engraving plates, securing

CONFLAGRATION OF REBELLION.

Russia and Japan in the Grip
of Revolt.

MOB-LAW SPREADS.

Soldiery Overwhelmed by Streams
of Boiling Oil.

£20,000,000 LOST.

Disorder, which, in some of its phases, approaches anarchy, still prevails both in Russia and Japan, the two countries which have just concluded peace.

In the case of Russia the discontent is taking the more awful form, but in Japan it is deep-seated, and the troubles of the Mikado are by no means at an end.

The reign of carnage at Baku—indeed, all through the vast province of Elisabethopol—still continues, and the mob have resorted to terrible reprisals against the unfortunate representatives of "law and order" who have been sent to quell the outbreak.

At Baku thousands have been shot down by the artillery. During the fighting a hospital was shelled. Enraged at this the mob charged the soldiers, put them to flight by a deluge of boiling oil, and captured their guns.

It is stated in messages to London that most of the British residents have taken refuge on the special steamer Caspian, and diplomatic steps are being taken to ensure their safety.

The losses at Baku are estimated at £20,000,000. There is a significant message to the effect that the Tsar, at his palace at Tsarskoe Selo, has surrounded himself with a cordon of Cossacks.

The situation in Japan is also growing more serious. The rioting has spread from Tokio into the districts, and it is feared that the whole country is disaffected.

BOILING OIL.

Mob Defeats the Soldiery by the Use of a
Terrible Weapon.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—Telegrams from Baku state that last night the street fighting there continued.

The Tartars plundered everything valuable at Balakhany, and continued their depredations in defiance of the artillery, which moved down masses.

Private advices give the following account of an attack on the hospital at Balakhany, where about a thousand Armenians and workmen had gathered.

The commander of a detachment of artillery sent by General Shirkhin summoned the people to surrender, but the only reply was a shower of stones and some shots. A gunner was killed, and the officer immediately gave the order to open fire with three of the guns.

The first shell went wide, but the second crashed into the hospital, where it burst, killing a large number of those inside and wrecking the building.

The infuriated mob now fell upon the guns and captured them, throwing boiling oil over the soldiers, who fled. Cossacks and infantry who came to the assistance of the artillery were driven back by suffocating smoke.

The Government bank and the churches were then set on fire by the mob.

A private telegram from Baku states that all the British subjects there have left the town by steamer.—Reuter.

ARTILLERY VICTIMS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The artillery at Baku wrought enormous havoc, the victims numbering thousands. It is estimated that £40,000 is daily lost through the total suspension of trade.—Exchange.

THE TSAR'S SAFETY.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—At all the villages and hamlets around Tsarskoe Selo arrangements are being made for providing winter quarters for large numbers of Cossacks, whose camps will form a close cordon round the Imperial residence.—Reuter.

PANIC AT TIFLIS.

TIFLIS, Friday.—Panic reigns in the country around Tiflis, where the people live in fear of attacks by the Tartars. The police patrols have been strengthened.

A Cossack was killed and another wounded during the night time, fifteen versts from the town. The assailants escaped.—Reuter.

TROUBLES AT TOKIO.

Ten Churches Burnt—Disturbances
Spreading to the Provinces.

"IGNORE THE PEACE."

In spite of official attempts to minimise the gravity of the situation the latest telegrams from Tokio show that part of Japan has been stirred to desperation by the conclusion to the war.

The rioting was of the most desperate character in Tokio. Reuter's correspondent now reports that some 1,000 arrests have been made in the streets of the city. A number of people have been killed, and ten Christian churches and a mission-house school were burned on Wednesday night.

Following upon the proclamation of martial law in the city, the populace were said to be quieter yesterday.

In the evening heavy rain fell and drove most of the people indoors. But the disturbances have spread from Tokio to Chiba and other districts twenty miles away from the capital.

TOKIO A ST. PETERSBURG.

Baron Hayashi has received an official communication, which states that the three districts near Tokio have been declared in a state of siege. In this message it is suggested that hooligans and the rougher element is responsible for the outbreak.

But the Japanese newspapers in yesterday's issues give a different impression. With the sole exception of the Government organ, they denounce the peace terms and blame the Government for the outbreaks. One says that Tokio has been turned into a St. Petersburg. Several urge the Emperor to listen to the voice of the people and refuse to ratify the peace treaty.

Even more significant is the news that members of the Japanese Parliament have sent messages to Marshal Oyama urging him to go on fighting and ignore the peace.

The Government has suspended the issue of three newspapers. Many of the journals yesterday called upon the Government to resign.

SMUGGLERS OUTWITTED.

Ambushed in the Dunes, and Captured With
1,000lbs. of Tobacco.

The Dunkirk correspondent of the *Daily Mirror* states that another extensive capture of contraband tobacco was made there this week.

Having had their suspicions aroused, the Customs authorities concealed themselves in the sand dunes on the coast and kept under observation a small craft hovering round the coast.

Towards night the vessel anchored, and a man landed and succeeded in making off. One of the Customs officers swam out to the vessel and cut her anchor rope, causing her to drift ashore. Here she was boarded, and the two men found on board were overpowered.

The vessel was found to contain about 1,000 pounds of contraband tobacco, which was confiscated. The boat proved to be a small Belgian smack.

WALL OF PARIS DOOMED.

Old-Fashioned Fortifications To Be Levelled
by the Unemployed.

The fortifications which have surrounded Paris for so many years are doomed.

As soon as the system of underground railway lines is completed, and there is a demand for work in the city, the unemployed will be set to work to pull down the bastions and fill up the long ditch.

For many years the old-fashioned defences have been altogether out of date. They have only been useful as an octroi barrier or as a picnic ground for the poor of Paris; but the French War Office, though not so dilatory as the English, has been slow in moving.

A plan of the ground the fortifications now occupy near the Bois de Boulogne has been drawn up on which building lots are being marked as for sale, but the people of Paris are demanding it should be left as an open space.

GOLDEN KLONDYKE.

Over three million pounds sterling of Alaskan Klondyke gold has been deposited in the United States Treasury thus far this season, and there will probably, says Laffan, be over a million and a half more received before navigation on the Yukon is closed.

The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada offers two four-year scholarships at a university to apprentices and sons of its employees.

KING ALFONSO AT A BULL FIGHT.

Amateur Toreadors Give Amazing
Displays of Skill and Dexterity.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

MADRID, Friday.—King Alfonso's charity bull-fight, in which amateur toreadors showed their valour, in aid of the famine-stricken province of Andalusia was a great success.

In one bout Senor San Gines performed the famous "Don Tancredo" trick. He stood alone motionless in the middle of the arena on a white box, and calmly awaited the rushing bull.

As usual, the bull, which never attacks motionless things, stopped short, and, after sniffing round, retired quietly.

Senor San Gines received a great ovation for his performance, and King Alfonso congratulated him. Senor Olea narrowly escaped death when one of the bulls gored his horse and brought him to the ground, but he managed to get free, and later on lanced the animal.

A French amateur tried to put banderillos in the third bull. He missed, however, and was caught by the bull, but sustained no injuries.

His clothes were torn to rags, and he had to be covered with a mantle.

On his way out of the arena the bull strained viciously to get at him again, and there were roars of laughter at the incident.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

Negro Allowed To Bid Farewell To His
Friends by Telephone.

A negro, named Steve Aron, who confessed to assaulting a white woman, has been burned at the stake near Howard, Texas, says Reuter, in presence of several hundreds of people.

Many of them had come long distances to witness the execution, and the roofs and porches of the farmhouses in the vicinity were literally black with spectators.

The victim was given two hours to prepare for death, and was subsequently granted a further hour's respite in order to give him an opportunity of saying "good-bye" to his relatives, a telephone being placed at his disposal for the purpose.

Through the telephone his brother and sister pleaded with his captors not to lynch him, says Laffan, until they arrived, and they were given until eight o'clock to appear upon the scene.

However, as they did not arrive by that time, the mob, which had now increased to 2,000, fastened Aron to the stake, lighted the fire, and the usual horrible scene that attends these outrages was repeated.

CONVICT'S CLEVER ESCAPE.

Rearrested in Paris After Seven Years of
Eventful Liberty.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—Several complaints concerning the negotiation of stolen bonds led the police to arrest a sort of free lawyer and general business agent named Francois Andréa, whose offices were at 10, rue de Levis.

On his being taken to the central police offices and submitted to the anthropometric system of identification it was discovered that Andréa's real name was Joseph Sporn, who in 1896 had been sentenced by the Seine to eight years' imprisonment for robbery.

He had been transported to French Guiana. Two years later, whilst labouring with other convicts on the banks of the Maroni River, he saw in the water the body of a Dutch sailor.

Whilst unobserved he drew the corpse towards him and stripped it of its clothes, which he immediately donned.

He succeeded in getting taken up by a small Dutch steamer and returned to Europe. Andréa is to be sent back immediately to complete his sentence at Guiana.

£20,000,000 LOST.

PARIS, Friday.—A telegram from St. Petersburg to the "Petit Parisien" says: "The Baku petroleum industry is literally annihilated."

"The losses sustained by private interests amount to hundreds of millions of francs, while the State alone has suffered to the extent of £20,000,000."—Reuter.

CHOLERA IN PRUSSIA.

Nineteen fresh cases of cholera and seven deaths occurred in Prussia during the twenty-four hours ending at noon yesterday, says Reuter, the total number of deaths so far being thirty-nine, and the cases 123.

TOWNS IN RUINS.

Earthquake Havoc and Desolation
in Southern Italy.

MANY LIVES LOST.

Southern Italy has been visited by a violent earthquake, which, although it lasted only a few seconds in the various districts, almost entirely wrecked several towns and created enormous damage.

The towns which felt the full force of the shock were Catanzaro, Pizzo, Monteleone di Calabria, and Martirano; while at Reggio, Stefaconi, and Messina the people fled from their houses in terror.

The line of the disturbance was south-west from Catanzaro to Monteleone, through Reggio, across the Straits of Messina, to the town of Messina, a distance of ninety miles.

A Reuter's telegram from Catanzaro, Calabria, says:—

A violent shock of earthquake lasting eighteen seconds was felt here at five minutes to three this morning.

Several walls collapsed and cracks appeared in others. At the hospital two patients were injured.

The inhabitants left their houses in terror. News has been received from Monteleone di Calabria that enormous damage has been done there by the earthquake, and that seven persons



This map indicates the districts affected by yesterday's earthquakes in Italy.

have been killed. Twenty-seven have been injured at the local prison.

The Pizzo district is stated to have been almost entirely destroyed.

All the houses at Stefaconi have been wrecked by the earthquake, and it is feared that a hundred of the inhabitants are buried under the debris.

The villages of Piscopio and Tripardi have also been laid in ruins, and troops have arrived to render assistance.

TREASURE IN A CEMETERY.

Excited Villagers Digging Night and Day
with Frantic Eagerness.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Friday.—The inhabitants of the village of Gilly, in the Department of the Cote d'Or, are in a fever of excitement over a report that a treasure of fabulous value is buried in their little cemetery.

For three days and nights past gangs of workmen have been frantically digging, but so far have found nothing but human bones and an old stone coffin.

The work was commenced at the request of a lady living at Asnières, near Paris, who wrote to the mayor that she was in possession of documents proving beyond doubt that money treasure of immense value was hidden in the cemetery.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Nairobi, in British East Africa, has been declared plague-infected, and some cases are also reported from Kisumu.

It is announced that Maxime Gorky, the novelist, will stand as a candidate for Nijni Novgorod in the forthcoming elections for the Russian Duma.

Saying he had an appointment with the King, a man named Hayes, from Taunton, attempted to force his way into Windsor Castle yesterday. He is believed to be insane.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Squally westerly winds; fair periods; occasional rain, chiefly in the morning and evening; rather cool. Lighting-up time, 7.37 p.m. Sea passages will be rough generally.

BLE DISASTER JUST AVERTED.

Signalmen Saved a Further
catastrophe at Witham.

JURY'S VERDICT.

mer's jury, which sat to inquire into the
eleven persons who lost their lives in
in to the Cromer express at Witham
the Great Eastern Railway, yesterday
the following verdict:—

death was due to an accident in con-
of part of the train becoming derailed
cross-over. We are unable to say
such derailment was due to defective
nt-way or rolling-stock, or both. We
and proof of negligence on the part of
the company's servants. We wish to
the prompt action of the three signalmen,
ors, the police, and the nurses, and all
ho assisted after the accident. We also
express our sympathy with the relatives
ceased, and our hope is that all who
ed will recover.

a in the Service.

witness at the inquest was John Hills,
-road, Stratford, who was the driver of
the express. He had, he said, been in the
the Great Eastern Railway Company
two years.

well with his train until they arrived
.

he was driving between the platforms a
station, he felt a jerk as though someone
imply applied the brakes. He shut off
applied his brakes. He looked at the
e tender, and saw the carriages rolling
realized that the train was off the line.

ee those which went on to the island
—I did not. I could not distinguish.
all rolling about.
happened after you passed the Braintree
The draw-bar of the engine broke, and
went on by itself for sixty or seventy
yards.

do you see next?—I jumped off the engine
ballast, and then I saw the up express
ing. At that moment the signal went up
e train and she stopped.
speed were you travelling?—About fifty
our. That is the usual speed.
und guard of the train, William Lad-
upswich, was asked if his van rocked
Yes," he replied, "it was like a ship at
travelled between fifty and sixty yards
tals before we came to a stop."

Catastrophe Averted.

nalman at the junction box on the east
itham Station related how, as the 10.25
reaching his box, he heard a crackling
saw a cloud of dust enveloping the train.
and three carriages afterwards shot past
ough he could not see the carriages for
dust.

express was signalled at this time, and
ld see the steam of the engine. At once
signals at danger. The train was held

oner said the prompt action of the sig-
al averted a most terrible catastrophe.
signalmen had acted with great prompti-
e the inquest opened he had had letters
y persons calling attention to the meri-
on of the signalmen.

essenger on the up-express had written
a guinea, and suggesting that perhaps
others who might like to contribute to
ial for them. He (the coroner) would
glad to receive any contributions from
engers, and would see that the money
ly divided.

ender, Lennon, of Witham, said that he
the line and found the right-hand rail
rly all the "chairs" were broken on that
ould say that the train left the rails at
here they were bent.

hen Dewar Holden, assistant locomotive
dent, said he could find nothing in the
of the rails that would account for the

me consideration, the jury returned the
dict.
"Engineer," in commenting on the case,
at rails at a crossing are rendered brittle
t impact, and so might be the more easily

R ANGLO-FRENCH CARTOON.

OM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)
Friday.—The Paris "Figaro" produced
arge cartoon, by Cecil Aldin, in which
the cordiale" is cleverly symbolised by a
and a poodle, who display a most engaging
or one another.
easily enough that an English artist's work
the French papers.

KAISER'S RUSE.

In Case of War with England, Liners
To Carry the "Stars and Stripes."

News of a somewhat startling arrangement made
by Germany, to take effect if war broke out between
that country and England, comes from Chicago.

Our correspondent in that city telegraphs that
the "Chicago Daily News" prints a special cable-
gram from London asserting that the Kaiser's
Government perfected the arrangement some time
ago. In the event of war between England and
Germany all the great liners of the North German
Lloyd and Hamburg-American lines, not then in
German ports, would be placed under the American
flag.

Germany conceives that the bulk of its great
merchant fleet would thus be protected against de-
struction or capture by British men-of-war, even in
the event of the smashing of the German fleet,
which Germans admit would be unavoidable owing
to Britain's overwhelming naval superiority.

The statement is said to be made upon the au-
thority of a German military person of high stand-
ing in London.

THE KING'S RETURN.

His Majesty Will Arrive in London This
Afternoon.

A warm welcome will be accorded to the King
this afternoon when he returns to his capital.

His Majesty is expected to arrive sooner than
was originally intended. The royal special is timed
to arrive at 3.30 this afternoon, so that his welcome
will be as much a provincial as a metropolitan
one, for many of our country cousins will be in
town.

Meanwhile Marienbad is in mourning. The
Austrian resort will hardly know itself without the
presence of King Edward, who, by his tactful
urbanity, has become a favourite of all.

TRAIN ROBBERS' BOOTY.

Englishman Loses £2,000 Worth of Jewels
While Travelling in the South of France.

Mr. Cecil Melwish, an Englishman travelling
from Vichy to Nice, has states the "Petit Jour-
nal" been robbed of jewels worth £2,000.

He did not discover his loss until he arrived at
his flat in the Rue de Paris, when it became
evident that one of his trunks had been opened
with a false key.

The thieves contented themselves with less than
half the booty they might have taken, for the
trunk contained at least £5,000 worth of jewels.

PARLIAMENT OF LABOUR.

Protests Against Yellow Labour and an Eight
Hours Day.

The Trade Union Congress at Hanley yesterday
expressed itself on the question of Chinese labour
in South Africa in emphatic terms.

Delegates representing about one and a half
million working men passed a resolution condemn-
ing the introduction of the Chinese in our new
colonies.

One white miner wrote to say that before the
war he earned from £1 to 25s. a day. Now his
wages were only 45s a month, and, for that, he
was supposed to go out and suppress Chinese riots.

One remarkable feature of the congress was a
protest against an eight hours day by Mr. Thomas
Ashton on behalf of the cotton workers, as he
contended that this would place British manu-
facturers at a serious disadvantage.

SURREY FARM MYSTERY.

Wife Finds Her Husband Dying in a Bed of
Nettles.

Redhill, Surrey, is mystified by the death of a
farm labourer named Ower, whose unconscious
body was found under remarkable circumstances.

Ower left home for his work at Dean's Farm
on Tuesday morning in the usual way, but never
returned.

Next day his wife went out to make inquiries.
She found him near the footpath over which he
was in the habit of travelling, lying in a bed of
nettles with his throat cut.

There was nothing at hand to indicate how the
wound was caused, and the police believe it to be
a case of murder.

Ower never recovered consciousness, and died
in hospital yesterday.

BERLIN TO BE A PORT.

BERLIN, Friday.—A scheme is suggested to con-
struct a canal from Stettin to Berlin, making the
latter a port.

This is part of a gigantic plan of canals to extend
over Germany.

SHIP'S LAST SERVICE.

Discarded Gunboat Shattered and
Sunk as Admiralty Experiment.

"BOTTLING UP" A PORT.

The question as to whether Portsmouth could be
"bottled up," to use a naval term, as Port Arthur
was, has just been the subject of an interesting
experiment at Portsmouth.

Two days ago the old gunboat Rattlesnake was
sunk in the upper reaches of Portsmouth Harbour.
This work of destruction was carried out by an
officer and a party of men from the Vernon Naval
Torpedo School by means of mines.

These contained one hundred pounds of gun-
cotton, and were attached to the hull of the vessel
and then electrically exploded.

Immediately the current was switched on there
was a violent upheaval of the water, and the
Rattlesnake's mainmast shot up into the air, fol-
lowed by a whole shower of spars and deck timbers.
In less than a minute a warship had been reduced
to fragments.

The problem of Portsmouth's vulnerability from
a "bottling-up" standpoint will now be carefully
considered on the facts afforded by this very prac-
tical experiment.

DISGUISED AS A WOMAN.

Corporal of Hussars Fails To Pass Through
the Lines in Female Attire.

So realistic has been the mimic warfare in York-
shire that a corporal of the 18th Hussars dressed
himself in a woman's clothes.

Infantry were held up by supposed rebels in the
cavalry barracks at York. The 18th Hussars, who
were trying to relieve these troops, wanted to send
dispatches to them, and the rebels, knowing of this,
kept a sharp look-out.

Corporal Brewer, who carried the dispatches,
dressed himself as a woman, and travelled by train,
while other soldiers took dummy dispatches by
other routes.

But the rebels were too sharp. When Brewer
arrived at York Station, his disguise was discovered
by Captain Lechtenberg, who offered to carry the
"lady's" parcel. Upon the corporal's refusing the
offer, he was promptly captured.

BY BALLOON TO DENMARK.

M. Faure's Attempted Voyage Across the
North Sea.

The chances of M. Jacques Faure reaching
Denmark by balloon were eagerly discussed at the
Aero Club last night.

French and English torpedo-boats kept a sharp
look-out for the intrepid Paris aeronaut, in case
the balloon should drop en route into the North
Sea.

Starting the previous night from the Crystal
Palace, he was confident of success, while some
French admirers, equally certain, pasted on a huge
poster "L'Esotisme Cordiale for Ever."

M. Faure has already crossed to the Continent
three times, his ascent from the Crystal Palace
making his 143rd voyage in the air.

LAST SAND-CASTLES.

Final Prizes To Be Given by the "Daily
Mirror" To-day.

New Brighton will be the scene to-day of the last
of the Daily Mirror's sand-castle competitions for
the present year.

At 2 p.m. the sands below the Marine Park will
be crowded with little architects striving with
youthful enthusiasm to win the prizes of £2 2s.,
£1 1s., and 10s. 6d. offered for the three best build-
ings made of sand.

Mr. T. Howarth-Robinson, Dr. T. W. A. Napier,
J.P., and Mr. H. W. Cook will act as judges, and
Mrs. Napier has kindly consented to give away
the prizes at five o'clock.

The rules of the competition are extremely simple.
There is no entrance fee, but every competitor
must carry a copy of to-day's Daily Mirror.
Anyone up to the age of twenty-one may com-
pete.

Competitors may work single-handed or in parties
consisting of not more than six, and any kind of
sand edifice may be constructed.

FORMIDABLE WANDERER.

Jacob Solomon, a boy of fifteen, living at Step-
ney, has been missing since Tuesday.

He was discovered at Chiswick carrying a bag
in one hand and a revolver in another. The Chis-
wick magistrates yesterday remanded him for in-
quiries.

"HANG KING LEOPOLD."

For Congo Atrocities Mr. Stead Thinks
He Should Be Tried at the Hague.

In the September number of the "Review of
Reviews" Mr. William T. Stead asks: "Ought
King Leopold To Be Hanged?" Then he pro-
pounds a scheme under which the King of the
Belgians would be tried by the Hague Tribunal
for complicity in the Congo murders. Evidently
Mr. Stead thinks that the King should be executed
at once, with so much relish does he propound the
plan.

The suggestion occurs in an interview with the
Rev. John N. Harris on Congo atrocities, but "the
credit of it, or, if you like, the discredit, belongs
entirely," he explains, "to the editor of the



KING LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM.

'Review,' who without dogmatism wishes to pose
the question as a matter for serious discussion."

"Unfortunately," observed Mr. Stead to Mr.
Harris, "at present the Hague Tribunal is not
armed with the powers of an international assize
court, nor is it qualified to place offenders, crowned
or otherwise, in the dock. But don't you think
in the evolution of society the constitution of such
a criminal court is a necessity?"

"It would be a great convenience at present,"
said Mr. Harris.

The crimes for which King Leopold should be
tried, and, if guilty, punished, Mr. Stead points
out, are the outrage and torture of women in the
Congo, the mutilation of children, and a whole
infernal category of horrors served up with the
background of cannibalism, sometimes voluntary
and sometimes incredible, though it seems, en-
forced by the orders of Belgian officers.

Mr. Stead points out that it is now 250 years
since the head of King Charles was cut off, and
that it is quite time another monarch should be
dismembered. He is convinced that it is King
Leopold's turn.

EXODUS OF ENGLISH GOLD.

To Prevent the Outflow Depositors Are Offered
Special Inducements by the Banks.

Gold is flowing out of England so rapidly to the
Continent, the United States, South America, and
Egypt that the London banks are offering special
inducements to depositors in order to keep an
adequate surplus at home.

This week France and South America have been
making heavy inroads on the English surplus, while
Berlin is expected to claim an unusually large share
of English gold next week.

To check this exodus of money the Bank of
England has had to raise from 2½ per cent., where it
has stood for six months, to 3 per cent. The rate
offered by the banks to depositors has risen to 1½
per cent.

Last year the amount of gold held in England and
the amount in reserve were both nearly two millions
greater than they are at present.

MISSING JEWELS.

Lady's Loss by an Audacious Robbery in a
London Hotel.

Mystery still surrounds the theft of jewels from
the rooms of Mrs. Fearless, at Morley's Hotel,
Trafalgar-square.

Mrs. Fearless left her dressing-case in her bed-
room on the first floor, and during her absence it
disappeared.

The dressing-case was lined with green silk and
marked "A. P." in silver letters.

TWO BY-ELECTIONS.

The result of the by-election in Elgin Burghs,
in which the polling took place yesterday, will
be announced this afternoon. There was a Liberal
majority of 557 at the last election. The candidates
are Mr. Rose-Innes (U.), and Mr. J. Sutherland
(L.).

DUCHESS OF BEDFORD AS A SHOT.

3,427 Head of Game to Her Credit in a Single Season.

In yet another sport man's supremacy is threatened by woman.

There has been much talk of fine shooting by ladies, but the genuine nature of the rivalry has not been hitherto realised.

A glance at the shooting record of the Duchess of Bedford, whose photograph is reproduced on page 9, would be a surprise to many men who feel themselves secure from feminine competition.

Her Grace's record of 3,427 head of game in a single season shows that the supremacy of man at the sport is no longer a thing undisputed.

Wild duck shooting in February is no childish sport. Patience, endurance, and skill are needed to bring down twenty-nine birds with fifty-six shots, as the Duchess has done.

Of all forms of shooting this sportsman prefers that at driven grouse. She shoots with a 16-bore gun, and, of course, dispenses with the services of a loader. Indeed, there is nothing of the modern "mechanical" shot about the Duchess of Bedford.

She alludes without enthusiasm to having brought down over 200 "tame" pheasants in a day, and over seventy at one stand, while her predilection for snipe-shooting by herself, which she places only second to grouse-driving, shows that she shoots for the sport rather than the bag. Nevertheless, she has shot as many as 115 partridges in a single day's driving.

Until her marriage and return to England the Duchess has never fired a shot in her life, but that the instinct for sport was born in her is proved by her rapid advance to a proficiency so indisputable as that to which the figures bear witness.

Another lady whose prowess with the gun is well known is Lady Venetia, and her record cannot be said to rival that of the Duchess of Bedford, her shooting is far better than that of many male experts.

AMERICAN "BLUEBEARD."

Lacking Instructions from New York London Police Take No Steps To Find Witsoff.

Up to a late hour last night the Metropolitan Police had received no instructions from New York to look out for George Witsoff, the notorious American bigamist, who is reported to have been seen in the Strand.

In the absence of a warrant from the New York police it seems extremely unlikely that the Metropolitan Police would take any action, even if Witsoff were pointed out to them in the streets of London.

Beyond the descriptions and photographs which have appeared in the newspapers the police here have no means of tracing the fugitive; and for the present, at any rate, Scotland Yard authorities are taking no steps to find his whereabouts.

TOO MANY BALLET GIRLS.

Evidences of Great Distress in a much Overcrowded Calling.

"There never has been such a bad time as the present for ballet-girls. Thousands of them are out of employment all over the country, and the distress in their ranks is heartrending," says Mr. William Forbes, the theatre missionary.

Mr. Forbes is making a tour of the leading country centres where ballet-girls are employed with a view to helping them.

Every day he receives many distressing letters that all go to show how difficult it is to bear up against the hard times that sooner or later are certain to visit the undistinguished theatrical artist.

HORSEMAN BLOWN TO PIECES

Son of the Governor of Ceylon Killed by Dynamite While Riding.

News of a terrible and dramatic death comes from Perth (Western Australia).

Shortly after Mr. H. Irwin Blake, manager of an insurance company, had left the town one afternoon for a ride, a party of horsemen saw his riderless horse galloping furiously towards them. To their horror, they discovered it was bespattered with blood, while a coil of fuse was attached to the saddle.

Following the animal's tracks, they found the shattered remains of Mr. Blake, who had been blown to pieces by dynamite. No explanation of the tragedy has been found.

The dead man was a son of Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Ceylon.

LIBERAL M.P. TO RETIRE

Mr. Fred W. Wilson, the Liberal M.P. for Mid-Norfolk, yesterday announced his intention to retire at the dissolution.

"THE FULFILMENT."

Book for Which a Woman Laid Down Her Life Almost Ready for Publication.

That Miss Allonby, of Lancaster, should commit suicide, as told in the *Daily Mirror* of Thursday, to secure the publication of her novel, "The Fulfilment," was tragically pathetic.

But now the *Daily Mirror* is able to add details—both of "The Fulfilment" and of Miss Allonby's literary work that makes the story even more striking.

"The Fulfilment" was really about to be published, in spite of her imaginary fears to the contrary, and not only that, but it was to be published on December 1 to celebrate her birthday, which falls on that day.

The MS. is in the possession of Messrs. Greening, and yesterday the *Daily Mirror* discussed "The Fulfilment" with a representative of the firm to whom Miss Allonby had entrusted it.

Numbers of letters had passed between her and Messrs. Greening, and all but the details of some necessary cuts had been arranged.

The Dedication.

The letter which accompanied the MS. to the office speaks for itself.

"I am sending to you," she wrote, "something that, I was going to say, is more precious to me than life. I only pray God grant that it may be."

The parcel of typewritten matter was a bulky one, for "The Fulfilment" contains 150,000 words, an unusually long novel nowadays.

The dedication, too, is striking:—

DEDICATION.

Dedicated to God with all the reverence and fear of which the human heart is capable.

Many of the poor girl's letters to Messrs. Greening show the depth of religious feeling.

"It is no good my saying the book will be a success. Let us leave the result in the hands of God. We cannot do more than our duty—all the rest belongs to God.

"It is silly going the roundabout, dangerous way to heaven when God shows a nearer and comparatively easy way."

The last sentence reads like a grim foreshadowing of the tragedy.

There was a compelling sincerity about the frail but pretty girl which made her visits to her publishers an invariable source of interest there, and nowhere has the news of her death been more sadly received.

A Foreshadowing.

Read in the light of the recent tragedy, the story told in "The Fulfilment" is doubly fascinating, for the authoress foreshadows her own sad end.

The book is divided into three disconnected but consequent scenes: Earth, Hell, and Heaven.

In the first is the tragedy. Deborah, a poor but clever girl, has written a book. Her whole mind is given to seeing it published. Her life is unhappy, for she is not only misunderstood by her family, but she is physically unattractive. Still, almost every thought was given to her work; she had few to spare for the work a day would.

That "The Fulfilment" is straight from the poor

dead girl's heart is shown but too clearly by the vividness of the descriptions.

It is all allegorical. Everywhere Deborah is attended by two spirits. One, Genius, is a spirit of purity and truth. The other, Pluritus, is the evil spirit who whispers sin and temptation in Deborah's ear.

The end of the first fragment is the suicide. There is no painting of the gruesome details. There is no mention of anything that this first portion is but an introduction to the two succeeding fragments, which are Miss Allonby's conception of heaven and hell.

Deborah does not appear again. The good spirit, Genius, is the chief character. He is found making his way about hell and finding it very much like the everyday world. There are the amusements which we see on earth—theatres, music-halls, garden-parties, fêtes, and the hundred other ways in which we pass our time.

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All for Good.

But always the evil side predominates. Evil is everywhere and in everything. There, too, the scenes are of the vividdest, and Genius wanders through them and holds familiar converse with the rulers of this terrible world.

The second part of the book ceases as abruptly as the first, and the third opens in Heaven.

Heaven is also but a modification of this world. There, too, there are theatres and music-halls, garden-parties and fêtes, but in all the presiding influence is for good.

It is in this portion of the book that a good deal of cutting has been found advisable by the publishers. For instance, Christ is described, but in all reverence, as a carpenter working at his trade and returning from his work with his bag of tools upon his shoulder.

And such is the book for which Miss Allonby gave her life. As Miss Allonby said in the letter which was read in the coroner's court, she had "gone on with the one aim of making an opening for it." Two books of hers, written soon after "The Fulfilment," have been published by Messrs. Greening, but both were published anonymously by her special request.

The Dead Girl's Wish.

The first was the "Jewel Sowers," published two years ago. It is like all three of Miss Allonby's books—allegorical—and opens on the planet Lucifer, though the characters are those of this world.

The other book is "Marigold," published at the beginning of this year. The scene is placed in "A world of shadows and contrariness situate near to Hell—not meant for an indifferent caricature of another sphere."

Soon "The Fulfilment" will be published—probably within a month—for Messrs. Greening are hurrying on the work that the dead girl's wish may be fulfilled as soon as possible.

LIFELONG LITERARY FRIENDS.

The World's Greatest Books Obtainable by Everyone at One Shilling Each.

After next Wednesday there will be no reason in the world why people should pay more than a shilling for any of the world's great masterpieces of literature. The publication of "The Harmsworth Library," will enable everyone to procure a complete library of famous old epoch-making books at purely nominal cost.

To the man or woman who wants to form a library of permanent interest and value an unprecedented opportunity now presents itself. It should be clearly understood that the volumes comprising "The Harmsworth Library," while issued at an extraordinarily low price, are not cheap in any other sense of the word. Each is as finished a specimen of what a book should be as if it were intended to be sold at many times the price which is asked.

The first ten volumes—which will be issued on Wednesday next—include such masterpieces as "The Vanity Fair," Southey's "Life of Nelson," Darwin's "Voyage of H.M.S. Beagle," "Tom Brown School-days," Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe," Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" Charles Lamb's complete "Essays of Elia," and Mrs. Henry Wood's "East Lynne," all of which will be obtainable for one shilling each from any bookseller or newsagent.

From an official return of the last twelve months' bargains in retail it appears that the 5,400 books included 356 third wives, 125 fourth, 84 fifth, 16 sixth, 10 seventh, 8 eighth, 1 ninth, 2 tenth, and 5 eleventh or twelfth.

BUSINESS AGAPEMONITE.

Co-Directors Decline To Serve Any Longer with Pigott's Secretary.

The controversy concerning the notorious "Aboda of Love" at Spaxton has assumed quite a new phase.

Mr. Charles S. Read, who is Mr. Smyth-Pigott's secretary, has been requested to resign his position as director of the V.V. Bread Company, Limited.

His co-directors indicated to him that the prominent association of his name with the Agape-monies had been detrimental to their business, and they requested him to resign.

Mr. Read refuses to resign. "Since," he says, "I claim that a director of a public company is free to hold his own religious belief without prejudice to his position, I have declined to accede to their request for my resignation."

This controversy, he says, is solely a matter of his private religious convictions.

What Mr. Read's co-directors will do in view of this situation will be the subject of interesting speculation, especially amongst the shareholders.

Mr. Read was formerly a member of the Stock Exchange, and at one time was one of the best oarsmen at Cambridge.

DRAMATIC RESCUE.

Saved from an Oncoming Train by Lightning Heroism.

To the heroic action of Mr. E. W. Chalmers Kearney, of Mysore-road, Lavender-hill, a woman owes her life.

While standing on the dimly-lighted platform of Barnham Junction, near Bognor, she was accidentally pushed on to the rails by the gathering crowd of excursionists just at the moment the train dashed into the station.

Mr. Kearney was not near the edge of the platform, but without hesitation he sprang forward,



MR. E. W. CHALMERS KEARNEY.

pushing the people aside, dropping two portmanteaux he held in his hands, and alighting on the rails almost in one action.

In the nick of time as the engine shot by he flung the woman on the platform and leapt up, spraining his leg in doing so. The next moment the woman disappeared in the crowd, and Mr. Kearney journeyed to London.

ROMPING LION CUBS.

When Not Eating Goat's Flesh Zoo's New Pets Engage in Friendly Encounters.

Two very beautiful little lion cubs have been sent by the King to the Zoological Gardens.

His Majesty received them as a present from the Shuh of Bornet, Northern Nigeria. They are only six months old, but they boast of much better appetites than poor Miss Crowther, the fasting gorilla.

Twice a day they have a pound of goat's flesh and warm milk, and they are very playful and gentle with strangers.

When interviewed by the *Daily Mirror* yesterday they were "sucking their thumbs" like two children. At the same time they indulge in the most furious, but entirely friendly fights.

LADY DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

Mrs. Allen, wife of Mr. James Henry Allen, J.P. of St. Andrews, Lyme Regis, was drowned while bathing yesterday morning.

She was seen to sink, and was got out of the water, but all efforts failed to revive her. Mr. Allen was formerly chairman of the St. Pancras Board of Guardians.

WILD BEAST AUCTION.

Two lions, a lioness, two bears, a hyena, and many other wild animals will be offered at auction at Margate on Tuesday.

£1,900,000 FOR FOREIGNERS.

Orders for Motor-Omnibuses All Going Abroad.

£10,000 A DAY.

During the past eight months 4,362 motor-cars, costing £1,900,000 have been imported into England, and £244,282 of English money has been spent abroad on parts for motor-cars.

That is to say, £10,000 a day has been expended abroad on motor-cars.

Moreover, that expenditure is on the increase. At present there are 115 motor-omnibuses running in London, but this number will be doubled or trebled during the next year.

Practically all the chassis for these vehicles are made abroad, and there is no well-known firm that could supply chassis for the next eighteen months or two years, as they are booked up with orders.

A motor-omnibus chassis without the tyres fit d costs £650, and companies are paying a premium in order to get them delivered quickly.

A motor-omnibus ready to run costs £1,200, and of this sum £200 goes out of the country. Already £70,000 for motor-omnibuses alone has been expended abroad.

But in order to replace the horse vehicles of only two of the large London companies another 1,700 motor-omnibuses will be required. This represents an outlay of £1,190,000 on chassis alone, and this huge sum will be expended in Germany, France, and Switzerland.

One well-known English firm, although it exactly copied the sectional drawings, almost screw for screw, of a famous German firm were unable to make a satisfactory job of it, and consequently the orders are still sent abroad.

One of the main reasons for the inability on the part of English firms is due to the fact that until recently any self-propelled vehicle weighing over two tons had to be preceded by a man carrying a red flag. Consequently English manufacturers did not turn their attention to heavy vehicles, but only to pleasure cars. Thus our neighbours obtained a three years' start in that particular branch of the trade.

RAILWAY COMPANIES' ORDERS.

But it is not only the London omnibus companies that require the motor-omnibus chassis.

Every great railway company in England is clamouring loudly to get its orders for motor-omnibuses quickly carried out.

"No more branch lines, run motor-omnibuses instead," is the verdict of most of the companies.

Take a great fruit district, whose produce has to be brought up to the London market. For two months or so in the year the traffic is extremely heavy, but for the rest of the year there is practically nothing doing in that district.

Instead of opening a railway there, the companies in future will simply put on motor-omnibuses and motor-vans during the busy season. As soon as the season is over the vehicles will be switched off to some other district, where there is a short and heavy season.

Consequently there will be no idle time for the motor traffic. The demand is far greater than the supply, and yet the money is pouring out of England until the English manufacturer shall have learned as much as his foreign rival.

PROFITS OF THE PARKS.

London's Open Spaces Enrich Government and County Council Coffers by £6,000 a Year.

The right of letting the chairs in the streets, squares, and parks in Paris has been farmed out for £4,000 for the ensuing year, writes a correspondent. Compared with London this figure is surprisingly small.

His Majesty's Office of Works rents the chairs in Hyde Park alone to contractors for £1,000 per annum.

St. James's Park is rented for £550, Kensington Gardens for £600, and the Green Park, Regent's Park, Greenwich Park, and Woolwich Common for like sums.

These are merely the parks under Government control, and they bring in a revenue of £4,550.

The L.C.C. let their chairs only in connection with band performances, and in so doing bring in £1,173, an increase of a £1,000 over last year.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

When the military authorities at Belfast declined to allow newspaper reporters to attend the inquest on a soldier who had been shot dead by a comrade, the coroner declined to proceed. After a long deadlock the reporters were admitted.

For acting as a member of the Killarney Rural District Council, for which position he was disqualified as not being of age, John Collins, of Parkavoncar, Co. Kerry, was yesterday fined one shilling and five shillings cost.

There has been no fresh case since Wednesday of scarlet fever at the Foundling Hospital, where seventy children are suffering from the disease; but the public will not be admitted to the morning service in the chapel to-morrow.

"It is the worst thing in the world for a poor man to receive a legacy," said the Shoreditch coroner yesterday at the inquest on a man who received a legacy a year ago and then took to drink.

Nominations for the parliamentary election in North Belfast, due to the death of the late Sir James Haslett, will be received next Tuesday. The polling is fixed for Thursday.

Burglars at Birmingham were assisted by an office boy who gave them his master's keys. The boy confessed, and was remanded at the police court yesterday.

It is authoritatively denied that the Lancashire and Yorkshire Bank is about to amalgamate with Lloyds Bank.

Mrs. Catherine Brown, of Rothesay, Scotland, who attained her 100th birthday last March, died yesterday.

The Queen has sent a cheque for £100 to the Bray Disaster Relief Fund.

Lieut.-Colonel E. Tufnell, M.P., who is suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, was slightly better yesterday.

To test tactical fitness for command will be the object of an examination of officers ordered by Lord Methuen, to take place at Dover on October 9.

Colonel the Hon. Fred Morgan, M.P., who has been practically blind for twelve months, had sufficiently recovered yesterday to be able to attend the Monmouth Cattle Show.

"I wish they would put a tax on parents who give their children many names," said the Rotherham coroner yesterday at the inquest on a little girl named Elizabeth Laura May Frost.

Two young pine weasels are among the latest arrivals at the Zoo. They are adepts at concealment, and their favourite resting-place is on the narrow ledges between the wirework and the roof of their cage.

Russians in London will hold a mass meeting at Wonderland Hall, Whitechapel, to-morrow night, to "express their condemnation of the mock Constitution granted by the Tsar and their sympathy with the revolutionary movement."

Thefts of clothing from children attending L.C.C. schools have been very frequent of late, and a correspondent suggests that parents of children who suffer loss in this way should send claims for reparation to the education authority in all cases of thefts on school premises.

BATTERSEA JUVENILE BARBERS AT WORK.



At Shillington-street School sixty boys have been trained to cut the hair of their 500 schoolmates. The photograph shows the boy barbers at work yesterday.

Lord Shaftesbury is a candidate for an aldermancy on the Belfast City Council.

Sir Edward Grey will address a Liberal demonstration in Glasgow early in January.

L.C.C. tramway receipts for the week ended August 26 were £15,505, £2,100 more than in the corresponding week of last year.

"Ministers, priests, and pickpockets," according to a Scottish paper, composed the greater part of the crowd at the great golf foursome at Troon, N.B.

In the Royal and Ancient Golf Club's Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase Tournament yesterday, Mr. W. E. Fairlie beat Mr. Spencer Gollan in the final by one up.

Durham City Council has replied in the affirmative to a War Office inquiry whether a site of about forty acres could be found in the city for a new cavalry barracks.

Colliery strikers at Risca, Wales, have sent some of their musical comrades to Weston-super-Mare, where they sing familiar Welsh songs and collect funds for their fellow-workmen.

In his vineyard at Wakefield a gardener has found a curious striped worm with a flat head, which a naturalist has identified as the "land planarian," of Samoa. It is supposed to have been brought over in the soil of foreign plants.

At a Roman Catholic wedding at Hathersage yesterday, the bridegroom's mother loudly protested against the marriage, and it was found necessary to turn her out of the church. She went home and collected her son's belongings in a large bundle, which she hurriedly took to the church and left in the doorway.

WELCOME HOME.

"GENERAL'S" RETURN

To-night's Great Reception at the Albert Hall.

WELCOME HOME.

The Royal Albert Hall, at 5.30 this evening, will witness the conclusion of General Booth's great Salvation Army tour.

The veteran leader of the army returns to London after six months' continuous travelling through Australasia and the Holy Land, and in his motor-car through the United Kingdom.

Ten thousand people will welcome the aged General this evening on his return from an itinerary that might well stagger younger men, but which has sent him back in better health than when he left England six months ago.

General Booth's party is due to start from Inglestone at 9.30 a.m. to-day, and at eleven o'clock he will have a public reception at Ilford. Leaving there at 2.45 p.m., and passing through Little Ilford, Manor Park, and Forest Gate, another public reception awaits him at Stratford Town Hall at 2.55. Bow will be reached at 3.30, and Mile End ten minutes later.

Starting from Mile End at 4.10 p.m., the General's progress through London is arranged as follows:—Aldgate, 4.20; Cornhill, 4.25; Cheapside, 4.28; Holborn Viaduct, 4.32; Oxford-circus, 4.55; Marble Arch, 5.5; Hyde Park Corner, 5.10; Royal Albert Hall, 5.30 p.m. Local bands and soldiers, juniors, and corps cadets will salute him en route.

At 7 p.m. a public reception will be held at the Albert Hall, when the chief of the staff (Mr. Bramwell Booth) will preside. There will be a cinematograph review of the General's tour, salutes by representative groups, music by the massed bands, and an address by the General.

AMERICAN MARKET RECOVERS

With Good News from Tokio Stock Exchange Prices Show General Improvement.

CAPEL COURT, Friday Evening.—The reaction seems to have come to an end, and with the slightest relaxation in the pressure of profit-taking sales to-day the investment buying asserted itself, and Stock Exchange prices quickly rallied. There was a much better feeling, in fact, almost all round the "House." The opening was perhaps unsatisfactory, at all events as regards Consols, Kaffirs, and Japanese descriptions, but this did not last very long. The Tokio news was better, and as soon as the American market began to recover, and with a very little buying prices advanced quickly, there was a general restoration of confidence. Even Kaffirs were in full blast, especially the Rhodesian section, the Banket group being again prominent.

The Foreign bourses quite caught up the enthusiasm, and most Foreigners were good. Japanese, which started badly, recovered very sharply, and even copper shares were in the ascendant on French buying helped by recovery in the metal. The Chinese land gamble, of course, continues.

With Kaffir dealers indulging in tall talk as to the revival being prolonged, the infection spread to the West African group, already cheered up by the news of satisfactory crushings. Western mines were one of the few dull sections on the Stock Exchange.

THE EXPERIENCE OF W. E. GLADSTONE.

"A financial experience which is long and wide has profoundly convinced me that, as a rule, the State or individual or Company thrives best which dives deepest down into the masses of the community, and adapts its arrangements to the wants of the greatest number."—W. E. GLADSTONE.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

THE ALTAR OR THE GAOL?

THAT magistrates may often do good by giving friendly advice, and inducing people who are brought before them to settle their differences, is agreed by everybody—except, perhaps, by a certain class of lawyer which likes all law cases to be protracted as long as possible.

But for a magistrate to force a girl, by threat of imprisonment, to marry a man whom she does not wish to marry is a very different matter. It is a severe straining of the judicial function. All sensible people, aware of the probable consequences of such a compulsory match, must agree in regretting it.

If our interesting correspondence on "Wives a Help or a Hindrance?" has enforced one lesson more than another, it is that the only chance of married happiness lies in the couple being really devoted to one another at the start.

"Before a girl should bind herself to anyone for better or for worse until death parts them, she should love him with all her heart and soul and strength." So speaks truly in "The Prodigal Son," the girl who, in her ignorance of life, has engaged herself to a man she does not love in that all-compelling way.

And later on, when it is agreed they shall not marry, she tells him: "It will be all for the best in the long run. You would have had no joy of me, Magnus, and perhaps I should have been very unhappy."

It is a pity Mr. de Grey, the magistrate at the South-West London Police Court, had not read Mr. Hall Caine's romance, or seen the play based upon it, before he dealt with the case of Martha Holt.

This poor girl is a mother. Left to fend for herself by the scoundrel she had loved and trusted, she was unable to pay for the maintenance of her child in Wandsworth Workhouse. Acting upon the Christian principle which animates our Poor Law system, the guardians summoned her.

They do not object to keeping any number of able-bodied workshys, but at poor little infants they draw the line. They therefore proposed to the magistrate to send Martha Holt to prison.

When the girl appeared a young man, not the father of the child, came forward and offered to marry her. It was a generous action. Humanity should be proud of this young man. But Martha Holt showed clearly that she did not feel towards him as a woman should towards her husband.

She would rather bear her trouble alone, she said. "Very well," returned the magistrate, "then go to prison," at which she fainted dead away. When she came round, the fear of prison coerced her into compliance. She went into court again, said she would accept the young man's offer, and was released.

A magistrate who can act thus must know very little indeed of human nature. Is he aware of the misery which usually results when women marry men they do not really care for? For the moment his solution of the difficulty may seem to promise success. Unless either the man or the girl possessed an exceptional nature, it is bound before long to turn out a disastrous failure.

The ideas on the subject of love which are current in this country may not be the wisest, but they certainly make the close relations of marriage very difficult indeed, except for those who are honestly and mutually in love. This is not so in France. Three young people marry as a matter of family arrangement, knowing each other scarcely at all.

But England is not France. We have to look at things from our own standpoint, and from that standpoint Mr. de Grey's course was both rash and cruel. Marriages, the proverb says, should be made in Heaven. They certainly should not be made in police courts.

H.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind, but the pleasure grounds also.—*Whately.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD is to arrive in London to-day, for a very brief September visit, since he departs again for Ollerston on Monday afternoon to be the guest of Lord and Lady Savile, at Rufford Abbey, until the 17th. After that comes the visit to Edinburgh, with the Volunteer review, reception of the corporation at Holyrood, and other official ceremonies. On Monday, by the way, his Majesty is to receive Lord Minto and invest him with his new dignity of Viceroy of India.

This is the seventy-fourth birthday of the Duke of Buccleuch, who holds one of the roughest positions in the peerage, and is the fortunate owner of many and many a rich acre in England and Scotland. His splendid place in Dumfriesshire, Drumlanrig, is said to be the largest house in Scotland—you can see its towers rising amongst the hills for many miles around. It was built, by the second Duke of Buccleuch, about 200 years ago, and one imagines it must have cost a prodigious sum. Anyhow, the builder-in-chief, after he had calculated the exact amount, is said to have enclosed the paper with the figures upon it in a box on which he placed the threatening inscription: "The Devil pick out his eyes who looks herein."

The Duke of Buccleuch, although in the world's eyes he may seem a singularly fortunate being, has

splendid raconteurs, and nearly always with so many good stories to tell, even unable to write amusing books. Their reminiscences are generally badly put together, and without the accent of the speaker the stories seem to lose their point.

But Mr. Findon will certainly know how to supply the literary flavour which these books about theatrical things generally lack. Nowadays, as a matter of fact, playgoers do not have so many comic experiences in direct connection with the stage as they did once. All is so carefully rehearsed that those "in front" seldom have an opportunity of seeing comic mishaps. I remember, however, seeing Sarah Bernhardt in the last act of "La Femme de Claude" one night. In that play the guilty heroine, played by the divine Sarah herself, has to be shot dead by her husband, who arrives with a full-sized gun to do it. When the moment came, however, no gun went off—a deadly pause—then a voice heard saying in French, "lower the curtain," and that night the play had to come to an end in a very humdrum way. When the play was over, however, it is said that an unmistakably dramatic scene went on between Sarah and the stage manager!

We do not hear nearly so much about "Anthony Hope" nowadays as we used to in the brilliant times of the "Prisoner of Zenda" and the "Dolly

The bridegroom is heir to his brother, a member of the Victoria Order, and a captain in the Coldstream Guards.

Next week will see a great departure from town for Doncaster. In addition to those names which have already been mentioned as entertaining for the week, may be added Mr. E. Beckett Faber, M.P., at Belvedere, the eroge; Colonel and Mrs. Denison, at Eaton Hall, Reftord; Mr. J. Robinson, at Worktop Manor, where Sir Ernest Paget and one or two others will be staying; and Mr. and Mrs. Butcher, at Riccall Hall, Yorkshire, whose guests will include Lord Moore, who has recently been celebrating his coming of age.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR"

THE PRICE OF FUR.

I think you incur a fearful responsibility when you print articles such as the ultra-Radical, Socialist, class-hated breeding one in your paper to-day; to say nothing of the blasphemous profanity which takes it for granted that Almighty God is on a certain side on a question of political economy.

If the fur wearers wore still more furs, they would simply be distributing their wealth in a legitimate and harmless way, among their less-fortunate brethren; and at the same time would be lessening the number of the unemployed.

M. VGLESIA, F.S.S.

Tokenhouse-buildings, Sept. 7.

Would to God (and I say it with all due reverence) that the cry set forth in your excellent and touching article might be at once taken up seriously by every preacher of the Gospel.

Let every clergyman in the West End of London put the following to his congregation (I wonder how many dare!):—

Do you believe in a hereafter?

Do you think God approves of the spending of enormous sums of money on garments that are really not necessary, while you know that thousands of your fellow-creatures have not enough to eat and barely sufficient covering for their poor starved bodies?

If every clergyman in the West End on Sunday turned to the terrible privations endured by the poor of the East End, I am positive that good would result from it.

H. R. H. FAIR.

SCIENCE AND THE BIBLE.

"C. H. C." should study both sides of the question. He will then find that Galileo was not tortured, and that Bruno was not altogether a martyr. Whether Christians or non-Christians, let us keep to facts.

ARTHUR MEE.

Cardiff.

If an habitual drunkard were to point to his poverty and misery as a proof of the failure of teetotalism to work any good in the world, he would hardly be taken seriously.

Nor can we fairly blame Christianity for the results of irreligion, such as wars and slums. If all men were close followers of Christ, wars would cease, and slums would be unknown.

But we say, "This Christ-life is very good, but the world is not ready for it yet;" or in the alternative, "This might do in a primitive community, but our world is far too advanced for such simplicity."

So we leave God, and bow down to science. And science gives us scientific diplomats, who play with war as a part of their great world game.

And scientific politicians who play with the sufferings of the poor as a part of their little world game. And scientific sportsmen who only play.

"These be thy gods, Oh Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." N. OR M. Abergelle, North Wales.

CHIVALRY ON THE DOWN GRADE.

Men are always complaining of the girl worker, of the woman who is doing superior and overstocking the labour market, thereby reducing salaries and opportunities for the bread-winners of families, but they offer no remedy, no alternative.

What are we to do? We cannot starve. We are not allowed to beg. We cannot all get married, much as we might wish it. We must live. We honour to the girl who is doing it. Providence there is work for them to do. And if they take some of the brothers' places, they bring home some of the brothers' money. Nowadays a man with a large family is much better off than those without children, and the married man is better off than the single.

A WORKER.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 8.—The morning walk round the garden, beneath a clouded September sky, is apt to depress one. Beds, which so lately were glowing masses of colour, now show many bare spaces. Leaves strewn every walk. The air is chilly; hardly a bird sings.

Yet September is a month of surprises. Go forth when the light of a gorgeous sunset floods the garden. Great clumps of snowy Japanese anemones gleam against the gold of countless sunflowers. The roses of the golden rod. Reddish-pink aloft their brave torches, while dahlias and gladioli are almost dazzling. Does the year bring a more splendid picture?

E. F. T.

PEACE CELEBRATIONS IN RUSSIA AND JAPAN.



The signing of peace has been the signal for outbreaks of violence both in Southern Russia and in various parts of Japan.

had one or two bitter calamities to endure. He lost his eldest son, Lord Dalkeith, years ago in a tragic way. The young man was slaying with friends for some shooting at Lochiel. The party had to walk over some boulders, and Lord Dalkeith slipping on one of them wounded himself in the shoulder with his rifle. The wound began to bleed profusely; desperate attempts were made to get a doctor from the lodge miles away; but it was too late when the help came; Lord Dalkeith had died on the spot of the accident. The present Lord Dalkeith, now heir to the Duke's vast possessions, was in the Navy as Lord John Scott. He is now a Master of Hounds, and hunts his father's pack in Roxburghshire.

Rumours still go about to the effect that Sir William Manning is soon to go out to British Central Africa as Commissioner and Consul-General. Sir William has already acted in this position—once from 1897 to 1898, and again for a year a little later. He has seen a great deal of active service in Africa—commanding the Somaliland Field Force in 1902, and also the operations against Chief Mpezeni in North Rhodesia, three years before. Sir William is sometimes confused, by the way, with the Sir William Patrick Manning, so well-known in Australia, who was Mayor of Sydney for several years in succession.

Plenty of good stories ought to be found in the "History of the Playgoers' Club," by Mr. B. W. Findon, which is soon to be published by the authorities of the club. Mr. Findon has already written a life of his uncle, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and he has a very pleasant way of illustrating the idiosyncrasies of the clever or eccentric people who he has met. Strangely enough, actors often such

Dialogues." Mr. Hope, to keep to his "name of war"—for his real name, as you know, is the more prosaic one of Hawkins—seems now to content himself with less noisy, if none the less genuine, successes like that which has been won by his latest book, "A Servant of the Public." Some wise people asserted, when Mr. Hope married, after his long bachelorhood, that he would write only "very occasionally" and devote most of his time to society and domesticity.

Society has always made great demands upon him, and I remember once reading an answer which he wrote to an invitation, which ran something like this: "Dear Mrs. —, I grow older without growing wiser, for I find, on looking at my engagement book, that I have already accepted three dinner and four dance invitations for the evening of your party." I am sure that much of this popularity comes to Mr. Hope from people whom he has helped in their careers, for he is the kindest of men, and uses his success largely in the service of less fortunate brothers in the world of letters. One who is now well known told me that, at a hard crisis in his fortunes, Mr. Hope came himself to his lodgings and entreated him to "use him as a banker."

The marriage of Colonel Horace Ricardo's daughter to Captain Hamilton, brother of Lord Hamilton of Dalzell, at the Guards' Chapel, is the main social event of to-day, and the beautiful chapel with its golden mosaics will be filled by friends of both families. Colonel Horace Ricardo is one of the most popular officers of the whole brigade, and his wife and daughters are equally well known. The daughters all strongly resemble their mother, who is rather short and very dark.

TOWARDS DENMARK BY BALLOON.



M. Jaques Faure and the Marquis de Villalonga just before the start of their great balloon voyage from the Crystal Palace to Denmark. It was M. Faure's 143rd ascent, and the balloon contained a second small air balloon inside it, which would enable the aeronauts to remain in the air through the night.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING AT THE GUARDS' CHAPEL.



Miss Amy Ricardo, eldest daughter of Colonel Horace Ricardo, C.V.O., J.P., of Bramley, Surrey, who is to be married to-day to—



—Captain the Hon. d'Henin Hamilton, M.V.O., Coldstream Guards, brother of Lord Hamilton of Dalsell, at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks.

TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT.



Signing the English peace tribute to President Roosevelt yesterday. Thousands of signatures were added throughout the metropolis.

GENERAL BOOTH'S RETURN TO-DAY.



After travelling throughout the country on a 2,000-mile evangelical mission in a motor-car since his arrival from Australia on July 30, General Booth, the patriarchal Salvation Army leader, will return to London this afternoon.



THE CHOLERA SEARCHING SHIPS



With the elaborate precautions adopted by the medical officers of health at every port enter England. The photographs, which were taken by a *Daily Mirror* photographer, show the following: (1) a passenger vessel, "Have you any case of sickness or death on board?" (2) passengers from a vessel with a clinical thermometer; and (3) a passenger vessel.

A FOOTBALL IN THE MAKING, FROM



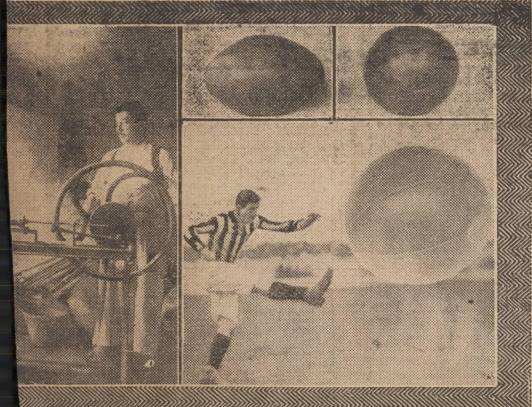
Football, England's most popular winter game, is once more in full swing. Several of footballs are turned out from the various factories. The photographs show the ex-

DANGER at GRAVESEND



In the country, there is little fear that the horrible plague of cholera can be introduced at Gravesend yesterday, show: (1) The doctor's launch hailing an incoming ship; (2) the doctor leaving the ship; (3) taking the temperature for signs of cholera.

CURRIER TO PLAYING-FIELD.



Football clubs are in existence throughout the country, and each week thousands of boys are busy making a football, from the rough pigskin to the finished, rounded ball.

WITHAM INQUEST WITNESSES.



The last act of the terrible train disaster at Witham on September 1 took place yesterday, when the inquest into the cause of death of the eleven victims was held. The photograph shows some of the witnesses assembled in readiness to be called.

PEERESSES WHO EXCEL AS GAME SHOTS.



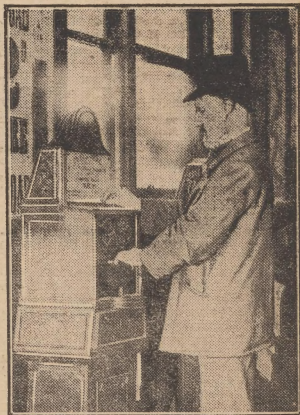
The Duchess of Bedford (on the right) and Lady Vivian (on the left) are two ladies who are well-known sportswomen. The Duchess of Bedford, who is the finest lady shot in the kingdom, at cover-shooting and partridge-driving, in one day, shot 152 birds in 221 shots, using an ordinary 16-bore gun. The game killed last season by the Duchess amounted to 3,427 head.—(Langflier and Lafayette.)

KING'S GIFT TO THE ZOO.



The two lion cubs, sent to the King by the Shehu of Bornu, Northern Nigeria, which his Majesty has presented to the Zoo. The little animals, which have just arrived, are six months old and very playful.

AUTOMATIC BOOKING CLERK



Railway tickets can now be purchased from automatic machines. The photograph was taken at Willesden yesterday, where one of these labour-saving devices has been installed.

CAN THE DEAD SPEAK TO THE LIVING?

Voices from Beyond the Grave
Heard by Believers.

ANIMALS AND GHOSTS.

The curious problem of the way in which animals are affected by death is suggested in one of to-day's letters:—

COMMON-SENSE ADVICE.

Allow me to offer through your valuable paper one or two receipts to right any of your spiritualist readers:—

1. Ascertain whether your mental organs are correct.
 2. Take a good dose of medicine once a week.
 3. Abstain from alcohol and all strong drink.
 4. Lead an honest and true straightforward life.
- And then you will have no sins to return and visit your conscience in forms of ghosts, devils, green-eyed monsters, or spirits.

MARYLEBONE DOCTOR.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

A year after a near relative of mine had passed over I was sitting with Mr. A. V. Peters (of Furnival's-mansions, W.) when I heard a voice calling me by my Christian name.

I answered, and thereupon I received a direct message urging me to go to a certain desk where I should find letters which the spirit was most anxious should be destroyed.

The name of the writer was given, so that I easily found them and carried out the instructions. I could relate many similar experiences.

W. T. MAYNARD.

Harbledown-place, Canterbury.

THE CREAKING OF THE STAIR.

During the night of February 19, 1902, while we were all sleeping, my mother was awakened by the loud and continuous creaking of the stairs outside her bedroom.

The following night she was again disturbed in the same manner. This time, thoroughly unnerved, she awoke my father, who, hearing the inexplicable creaking, immediately opened the bedroom door, expecting to find someone on the stairs. The noise stopped at once, and my father's search brought no satisfaction.

On the 22nd, two days later, we received the melancholy news from the War Office, that my brother, who was serving his country in Africa, during the last campaign, had succumbed to enteric. He died in the early morning of February 20, 1902.

Until the receipt of the War Office wire we had occasion to believe him to be in excellent health.

HERBERT RALFE.

Bryn Hyfryd, Mortlake, S.W.

ANIMALS AND THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Is it possible for animals in the vicinity of a dying person to be affected in any way either before or at the time of death? Here is an instance that seems to prove to me that they are affected.

Some time ago I was sitting in front of a fire reading, a fox-terrier in front of me on the hearth-rug fast asleep. Upstairs (two flights) an elderly lady was at the point of death. Everything was quiet.

Suddenly the terrier jumped up and rushed round the room at great speed four times, after which it lay down in the same place as had risen from and was seemingly sound asleep again.

In less than a minute the nurse in charge of the patient came to the top of the stairs, and, calling to the lady of the house, said: "Mrs. D.—, she has gone."

It appears as if the spirit departing affected the fox-terrier. ARTHUR J. DONEY.
Grafton-street, Newmarket.

AN UNKNOWN RELATIVE REVEALED.

Some years ago an artist friend lent me two books written by Florence Maryatt, entitled "There is no Death," and "The Spirit World." These two books my husband and I read carefully, and after this we sat together in our dining-room regularly twice a week for two years and seven months, but nothing came. I was utterly unbelieving, and many times I begged my husband to discontinue sitting.

Then we invited a famous London medium to visit us. In the evening we three had a sitting, in which we had abundant proof that messages (from proper contacts) could be received from our dear ones beyond the veil.

The medium gave the name of a spirit present as John Edward Harvey, saying that he was a relation of mine. I answered that I never had a relative of that name.

Next day I asked my mother if there ever was a relation of ours named John Edward Harvey. Her answer was: "Yes, child, he was your cousin, who went to America many years ago. We have not heard from him for a very long time, so I suppose he is dead."

Two years ago I lost my dear husband, and since then I have had undoubted proofs that my dear one is not dead further, that he is often near me. MARIE GERVAIS.

A THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

FOR NEW READERS.

What the Previous Chapters Contained.

In the manufacturing town of Stoke Magnus in the heart of the Midlands, Sabra Vallance, a beautiful young girl, lived with her uncle, Canon Vallance. Though her Aunt Ursula tried to persuade her to enter a Sisterhood, Sabra, with the call of youth and love ringing in her ears, found the sacrifice too great and gave her heart to Dick Dangerville.

Lord Blanquart de Balliol, Dick Dangerville's father, had lost all his splendid inheritance by a series of almost unparalleled financial reverses, which culminated two years ago in the sale of Balliol Castle, one of the finest estates in England.

Samuel Swindover, who had bought Balliol Castle from Lord Blanquart, was a crafty, vulgar financier, fabulously rich. But Swindover had Lord Blanquart, who had been raising money on his meagre remaining possessions in his power. The peer did not know that it was in reality Swindover who held the mortgages and bills that could not be met.

Swindover was just about to foreclose and ruin him, when Lord Blanquart arrived at the castle and sought an interview with the financier.

Swindover thought that at last the ice was broken and Lord Blanquart had come on a friendly visit. But it was to arrange the loan that the peer had called. He wanted ten thousand pounds, or he would be bankrupt. Then Swindover showed Lord Blanquart that he held him in his power, and begged for a loan of ten thousand pounds, threatening to ruin him. But Swindover made a proposal. He would make Lord Blanquart a rich man and give his son back Balliol Castle and two million pounds—if he would arrange a marriage between his son and Swindover's daughter, Fay.

Lord Blanquart scorned the idea. Swindover's next step was to call upon Sabra Vallance. He told her of the proposition he had made to Lord Blanquart, and asked her to give up Dick Dangerville. He showed her that by doing so she could restore Lord Blanquart and his son their former wealth and splendour, and he returned to sacrifice her love, and so wrote a letter to Dick, saying she could not marry him. Then she went to her aunt, Lady Ursula Vallance, Superior of St. Ursula's, and begged for work in her settlement amongst the poor of Stoke Magnus.

When Dick receives the letter he believes that Sabra has decided to treat him as a stranger. The ceremony is duly performed, and Dick enters again into possession of his father's home. But on the evening before the wedding Dick, going to Fay's room to inquire after her, is met by the terrified French maid, who declares that her mistress has disappeared.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I came like water, and like wind I go."
"Don't be absurd, my good woman," said Dick impatiently. "Your mistress has gone for a walk—she has gone down stairs without calling you, that is all. Why are you making this fuss?"

His hatred of anything in the nature of a scene, and the irritation caused by this added piece of news, and his eccentric behaviour on Fay's part, made him speak harshly, and the smart little Frenchwoman became hysterically voluble.

"Madame would never go down without me, monsieur," she cried. "I am the only one who can do my mistress's coiffure to please her, and Madame told me so plainly that she must not be disturbed this morning until I sent for her." Suddenly she ceased wringing her hands, and asked pertinently: "Monsieur has seen Madame this morning?"

"No," said Dick, and the Frenchwoman gave him no time to continue.

Then Monsieur is here to seek Madame, and Madame is not here. At a plebeian maid's voice in lamentation, "Oh, some catastrophe has happened! I feel sure of it. I had a terrible dream, and the dreams they do not lie. Du reste, will Monsieur not come into the bedroom and see for himself whether it looks like an ordinary apartment where a lady has slept and made her toilette ready for the ordinary life of the day? Let Monsieur inspect Madame's room himself, and then he will see that something terrible has happened to Madame."

Dick was very pale, more with anger than anxiety. He turned and walked quickly through the doorway from which the Frenchwoman had come, and the white velvet curtain opened.

The first room he entered was Fay's enormous dressing-room, and here progress was barred by an enormous heap of garments of all descriptions piled up in the middle of the floor. It looked as if the entire contents of the great white-enamelled, silver-clamped presses had been turned out by a person in a violent hurry. Dick plunged his way through a mountain of chignon and lace and silk and fur and velvet and lawn, pushing away with his hands this prodigally gorgeous wardrobe, his amazement, his consternation, and his anger increasing with every moment.

In the wonderful bedroom, that looked like a garden of lilies, the same disorder reigned. One drawer had been turned inside out; one or two of the chairs were overturned, cupboards gaped wide open, displaying their litter of exquisite things within. On a small table a great heap of trinkets of silver and gold had been thrown; on the dressing-table the gold toilet things were piled up in a careless mass. In the midst of all this confusion the low, lily-bordered bed, with its lovely trappings unruined, was doubly significant.

Dick took it all in, stood for a moment struck dumb by the almost fabulous luxury with which Swindover's daughter had surrounded herself; then turned sharply to the maid, who was rocking herself to and fro in a agony of excited apprehension.

"Find out as far as you can," he said, "if anything is missing—and what. Be quick about it, but

at the same time, look carefully. I still think," he added severely, "that your mistress has only gone out for a walk and that you are alarming yourself unnecessarily. No doubt she did not want your services, and—and had some trouble in finding the gown she wanted. Now go at once, please—by the way, what is your name?"

"Julie, Monsieur."

"Thank you, I will wait in this room. Please be quick."

The Frenchwoman cast a look of almost comical contempt at him, no doubt called up by his peculiarly masculine explanation of the thousands of pounds' worth of exquisite garments thrown out on the floor of the dressing-room, as if they were rags. Once given a direct command, she was quick and dexterous and methodical in her movements. She ran to and fro between dressing-room and bedroom, peeping in drawers and cupboards, turning over clothes, casting her experienced eyes over all the well-known objects that must inevitably have fixed themselves in anyone's memory because of their rarity and loveliness.

Dick stood and looked out of the window, over the beautiful prospect of park and meadow, river and hill; Dangerville Hall nestling among the trees below, and the pall of smoke that hung over grimy, busy Stoke Magnus.

In ten minutes Julie's voice sounded, with a note that was both timid and triumphant, in his ear: "Monsieur, there are a few things missing."

"What?"

"Madame's dressing-case."
He started with a little cry of incredulity. "Madame has several," the maid went on. "This is the largest, it is of green leather, and all the fittings are of gold, with diamond monograms."

"What else?"

"Of the gowns a tweed travelling suit. Madame must have searched through all the cupboards before she found it. And also a white lace wrapper and some linen. Madame has so many shoes—it is impossible for me to say which are missing, and it is the same with the hats. I cannot see for the moment which one Madame was wearing when she went." Julie paused, hesitating, and Dick asked sharply:—

"When she—what?"

The Frenchwoman looked at him piteously. It was obvious that she was much attached to her mistress, and that she feared something not only unusual but terrible.

"Oh, Monsieur," she said, with tears in her sharp little eyes, "what can have become of Madame?"

"Do not alarm yourself," said Dick more gently than he had spoken hitherto. "I am sure there must be some natural explanation. Your mistress is a lady who is not accustomed to consider appearances."

"Oh, I know that she is a strange lady," cried Julie. "But she is good, and it would break my heart if anything happened to her. And that is why I fear, Monsieur, because she is strange, and has been more strange than ever lately."

"What do you mean?" asked Dick, not without curiosity.

"Oh, Monsieur," Julie replied, with some embarrassment. "Monsieur must forgive me, but was not Madame's marriage with Monsieur strange, and Madame's behaviour—and everything—?" She broke off, with a vivid blush.

"Perhaps," said Dick, the young man grave and stern, "that is why I think we need not alarm ourselves. However unusual this may seem, I think your mistress has some good reason for what she has done. And, after all, your discoveries have proved nothing. For may not your mistress have put on a tweed dress to go for a walk in the park this morning? Let me not say it is probable, but it is possible, is it not?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"And, as to the other things, the wrapper and the linen, you may have made a mistake. And the dressing-case may have been mislaid, or sent to be repaired, or a hundred other things. Is not all that quite possible?"

"Yes, Monsieur," she answered Julie; but it was plain that, although she would dearly have wished to, she could not bring herself to believe in this simple explanation of such an extremely unusual and mysterious circumstance.

Suddenly she gave a little cry and pointed to the wall on one side of the bed.

"See, Monsieur! The safe—the jewel-safe is open!"

Dick looked, and saw that a piece of the white panelling, on which was part of one of the green enamel stems of the giant lilies that seemed to grow up the walls, was swinging back, and that it revealed the iron door of a safe built into the wall.

He walked over to it with a grave face. Every moment the situation became stranger and stranger.

"The safe itself is open," he muttered. "The key is still in the lock."

The Frenchwoman heard him, and her voice rose in a wail.

"I knew something terrible had happened. Oh, my mistress, my poor, poor mistress! It is robbery. Someone came to rob her of her jewels. She has been murdered. There was some thief in the house yesterday. I know it. He knew that all the wedding presents were put into this safe last night. Perhaps he was concealed in this room—perhaps he saw me put them away. Oh, there

(Continued on page 13.)

To H.M. the King.

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A little "piece" for me, too!—"Detroit Evening News."



Japan: Now that I've smoked those beastly busy bees (the Russians) out of Manchuria, I'll let the country fall back into its original sloth.—"Novoye Vremya."



The Gateway of Peace. President Roosevelt chaining up the Dogs of War.—"Harper's Weekly."



The Hungry Jap: That Korea was pretty good. Now let's see what else I will have. (The treaty, however, did not come up to expectations.)—"Minneapolis Times."

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Anecdotes and Sidelights on Prominent Men and Happenings of the Day.

London Loses a Novelty.

Has any Londoner seen a blue-black silk hat? The "Tailor and Cutter," in referring to the fact that West End hatters were never so busy as now, says that our French, German, and American visitors have bought the "recently-introduced blue-black silk hat" in large quantities, and returned home laden with hat-boxes. If they have bought all the new hats and taken them all away, it is a gross breach of hospitality. They might have left one behind, if only that Londoners might see what it was like.

Cholera Germs for Dinner.

The westward march of the cholera fiend is not likely to be stayed by any sudden change in the weather conditions. He fears not ice nor heat, rain nor drought. He has slain his thousands during an Indian summer, and in France he has exacted a terrible toll of life during the depth of winter. A medical correspondent, referring to the fact that frost will not hinder his progress, recalls how an Argentine doctor, some ten years ago, placed in the ices served at a dinner-party some cholera germs, with which he hoped to kill a rival. The ices were eaten by fifteen people, all of whom died soon after.

An Exploring Bishop.

Dr. Gore's influence upon his new diocese of Birmingham seems to be a great one. Whenever he is announced to preach, says the "Church

Times," a crowded church is assured. Refusing to make any more engagements, however, and shunning abnormal congregations, the Bishop may often be seen toiling along the streets of the Midland metropolis on a Sunday carrying his surplice in a big bag. Bent on a voyage of exploration, he will drop in unexpectedly at the first church that takes his eye, and during the service spy out the barrenness of the land.

Fashion and the Stage.

Just as "The Darling of the Gods" made the kimono fashionable, so may "The Prodigal Son" make popular the curious Icelandic hat which Miss Hall Caine wears in the first act of the new Drury Lane play. It is something like a white copy of the traditional pointed headgear worn by Mr. Punch, and has attached to it at the back a long white veil about three feet long. Next week, perhaps, we shall see it in Bond-street.

The "Army" Criticised.

The chorus of welcome that will deafen General Booth as he drives through London this afternoon will not be less cordial because of the criticism of the Salvation Army sent to the "Times" by a correspondent. Any one of its 14,000 paid officers may be dismissed without power of appeal, he says; resignations are frequent; many of the officers are miserable paid, while its military and autocratic government is alien to New Testament teaching. Doubtless the system has its faults, but it is successful.

A Town and a Prophecy.

Reading was one of the two English towns which, said astrologers, would suffer as a result of the eclipse of the sun. Is it only a meaningless coincidence that Mr. Berkeley Monck, J.P., the deputy-mayor, has since been fatally shot by his son? As Mr. Monck was one of the cleverest and most pro-

minent men in the town, many people will doubtless look upon his death as the calamity foretold by the heavens. Cheltenham, the other town mentioned, doubtless contains many nervous people who are now looking for a disaster to happen very near home.

Revival in British "Cures."

The King's arrival in London to-day prompts the "Queen" to remark upon the difference it would make if his Majesty went to some British watering-place instead of Marienbad. The palmy days of Bath and Brighton would return once more, and Harrogate and Strathpeffer would be more popular than ever.

Post Office Fights Consumption.

Steps taken by the Post Office authorities to stamp out consumption among the staff have been so successful, says the "Lancet," that, whereas the employees have increased from 62,832 in 1896 to 116,541 this year, the number of deaths from tuberculosis has fallen from 86 to 78, and the loss per thousand lives from 2.4 to 1.7. The pensioning of employees tainted with consumption has been the chief factor responsible for this satisfactory result.

The Lesser Evil.

Commenting in the "Amalgamated Engineer" on the Liberal leaders in the House of Commons, Mr. Arthur Henderson (the Socialist M.P. for Barnard Castle), says he would suggest pensioning most of them to prevent their heading a future Government.

"They would probably be expensive to get rid of, but they will be more expensive (especially to progress) if we keep them. Once clear of them, it would be easy to fix up from the Opposition a much better team than the crowd now holding Government positions."

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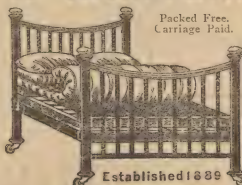
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A VANT and CRODEN, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on Sept. 14th, 2 p.m. Property 33, Strand-on-Green, Chiswick. Depth 141 feet, has two frontages. The frontage on river comprises excellent cottage 9 rooms, bath (h. and c.), gas. At rear outbuildings, a pony stable for three, workshop, and cart shed. Entrance for any size vehicle. Magnificent opportunity for motor builders or others with limited capital. Excellent position for converting property into shop.—Particulars of Solicitors, F. Shirley Turner, Esq., 55, Fore-street, E.C., or Auctioneers, opposite Marble Arch Station, W.

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CLAPHAM (Upper).—To let, very convenient House, containing 5 bed, 2 reception rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), and usual offices; delightful garden; 1 min. from station; rent £44.—Apply 22, Chiswick-st., Upper Clapham.

SMALL sunny Furnished Cottage to let; country; 6s. 6d. weekly.—Fellatt, Walton-on-the-Naze.

SPLENDID Little House to be let or sold; North London; near electric trams and stations; just done up. Apply Hale and Co., Kilburn Works, Cleveland-gardens, Haringey Park.

STREATHAM Hill (close to the station; good train service to City and West End) and electric trams pass the estate.—Convenient Houses of 8 rooms, bath, etc.; rents from £32; maisonettes of 3, 4, and 5 rooms each, some with bath; rents from £20; all nicely decorated.—To view, and for particulars, with photo, apply to Mr. Butts, 1, Amesbury-st., Streatham Hill.

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SUNNY Clacton.—For sale, 97, Marine-avenue; ten rooms, bath, offices; 52, 145; detached.

£30 cash; freehold Bungalow; 3 acres; most productive land; main road; near rail; charming district; sea-view 36s. 3d. monthly; no law costs.—Homesdale (O) Ltd., 27, Essex-st., Strand, W.C.

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CONFECTIONERY, Tobacco, Minerals, etc.—£45 all at; trade £5; rent £40, let off £16; 6 rooms; same hands 3 years; illness cause of leaving.—A. H. 30, Cornwall-rd., Brixton-hill S.W.

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JERSEY (Where to stay for comfortable home during winter).—Brompton Villa Boarding Est., 61, Finsbury near sea; excellent table.—Write for booklet with special winter terms, proprietress.

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The Threepenny Monthly Magazine devoted to Amateurs, will produce the work of a playwright who has not had a play produced at a West End Theatre. See "The Actor Illustrated" September number, just out. By post 4d. 9, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

Solve the Servant Girl Problem by advertising in the "Daily Mirror."—Everybody reads it.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER DAY—PRIZE-WINNERS AND HONOURABLE MENTIONS—A NEW COMPETITION.

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GREAT SUCCESS OF THE COLOURED PICTURES SERIES.

I am very happy to say that new competitors enter each week for the prizes offered in the Children's Corner, and that our old and established friends continue to compete.

The first prize of 5s. for the best colouring of the picture shown on Saturday last in the *Daily Mirror* is awarded to Harry Marsh, 25, Eagle-walk, Newmarket-road, Norwich. Harry is nine years of age, and has made a highly-successful picture of the drawing.

The second prize of 2s. 6d. goes to another little boy of the same age, whose colouring is not quite so good, but it is still very praiseworthy. His name and address are Fred Bancroft, 8, Sydenham-terrace, Lower Bristol-road, Bath. The third prize-winner is a little girl of nine, whose name is Nancy C. K. Jesson, 11, South-parade, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W. Nancy has given us some very red

flower-pots in her sketch, and on the margin has made some little pictures of her own, showing sand castles, buckets, and spades, sure proofs, I think, that she has been to the seaside. The fourth prize of 2s. 6d. is awarded to quite a small child, Eugenie Hurst, 76, Parrock-street, Gravesend. Her birthdays only number six.

Honourable mentions go to Victor Watkinson, aged eight, 23, Herrick-road, Highbury, N.; Jack Jenkins, aged 11, 20, Bastion-road, Plumstead, Kent; Irene Damant, aged eleven, 14, Cambridge-road, Southend-on-Sea; Margaret D. Renwick, aged eight, Tennyson-road, Mill Hill, N.W.; Isidore Newman, aged thirteen, 44, Redmans-road, Stepney, E.; Diana Darby, aged twelve, The

MEMORANDA FOR THE NURSE

HOW TO MEET EMERGENCIES SENSIBLY.

When a child falls and sets up a lump upon his head, or bruises his body, take him to the bathroom or kitchen, or wherever hot water may be had at once and in ample quantity. Hold a sponge soaked in water as hot as can be borne comfortably upon the injured spot, renewing as it cools, until the pain subsides. A little extract of witch hazel tends to relieve the pain.

When a baby is exhausted by crying with pain

up with perfectly clean and soft linen. Keep this on until the bleeding has stopped entirely and the soreness is abated. In nine cases out of ten a piece of sticking-plaster will complete the cure.

If the wound be deep, and excessive bleeding follow the injury, improvise a tourniquet by tying a strip of strong linen above the wound. Pass a pencil under this, and give it a twist, pressing the bandage deeply into the flesh and checking the flow of blood in artery and veins. This done, send for the doctor.

Keep always within easy reach a bottle of lime-water and olive-oil, in equal parts, to be used for burns and scalds. If these are not at hand, cover the injured parts with a mixture of flour and baking-soda, binding raw cotton over all to exclude the air more thoroughly. A homely extemporise salve for a burn is made of lard and soot taken from a chimney in which only wood is burned. Coal soot must not be used for the purpose.

All stings of insects, wasps, bees, and so forth are acid, and should, therefore, be treated by an alkali. Household ammonia, baking-soda, or common salt, wet into a paste and applied instantly to the sting will generally bring relief after a few minutes. If swelling and extreme inflammation follow the sting, cover the inflamed surface with a piece of linen saturated with laudanum and water, and keep the cloth wet with this until the swelling subsides.

If a fishbone or other small sharp object lodge in the throat, make the sufferer chew and swallow a large mouthful of bread. This will remove the obstacle and carry it downward at the same time.



An elaborate little evening coat, cut quite short like the one depicted above, is often more useful than a long mantle. This model is made of oyster-white satin, and has a collar and elbow cuffs of applique green and garnet velvet, outlined with gold thread. The handsome tassels mingle the gold and colours that have been mentioned.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

is no doubt. He murdered my poor lady, and he has hidden her body. We shall find her—dead! Oh, Monsieur, Monsieur!

"Hush, girl," said Dick sternly. He had swung open the door of the safe. "You are talking the wildest nonsense," he went on. "The safe is full of jewel-cases." He snapped open the lids of two or three in succession. "They are all full. There has been no robbery here."

"Then why is the safe open, Monsieur?" cried Julie. She was in despair. He was obstinate, this handsome Englishman; he would not see that something quite out of the common, something terrible, had happened.

"Is there a list of the wedding presents?" asked Dick.

Julie shook her head.

"There was no time to make any, Monsieur. There were so many things to be done."

"Then you would not know if any of them were missing; and, then, I suppose, your mistress had a great many jewels before. The safe is absolutely crammed."

"My mistress had an incalculable number of jewels, Monsieur; more than any lady I have ever heard of. But a great many of them I know—and I could tell if they were missing."

"Well, you will please examine the safe," said



Another picture for the children to colour is shown above. Read to-day's announcement concerning the prizes for particulars as to sending-in day.

Leap Castle, Roscrea, Ireland; Norman Freeman, aged twelve, 33, Wheelwright-road, Gravelly Hill, Birmingham; Geraldine Wild, aged 8, Zareba, St. Ives, Cornwall; Vera J. Quinton Brown, aged ten, Ventnor House, Wimpole-road, Colchester; Eileen Nolan, aged thirteen, 35, Brewster-gardens, North Kensington; and Frederick Heath, aged 8, 22, Burdett-road, Croydon.

The picture for next week's competition shows a tortoise on his way to the railway station. He is looking at a notice-board on which is written, "Train to town next July." He is in plenty of time for next July's train, isn't he?

Competitors should colour the picture either in chalks or water-colours, and send them in directed to the Children's Corner, *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., up till the first post on Wednesday morning next, September 13.

the best thing that can be done with him is to allow him to sleep. If excessive drowsiness supervenes after a fall or blow upon the head it is an indication of a shock to the brain. Do not aggravate the possible concussion by enforced wakefulness, but bind a cloth wrung or in iced water about the child's head and send for the doctor.

Have always within easy reach a store of old linen from which hems and seams have been trimmed that the linen may be torn readily and evenly into bandages. In the treatment of a cut find out, first of all, with what the wound was made, whether glass, a rusted nail, or a clean, sharp blade. In any case the first thing to be done is to cleanse the wound thoroughly. If there be danger that rust has worked into the cut hold the sides open under warm, running water for a full minute. When cleansed the wound should be closed and bound

Dick. "I shall leave you now. And, Julie, can I trust you?"

"To the death, Monsieur," said the Frenchwoman fervently.

"Well, the other servants need know nothing. You understand? I am convinced that before midnight everything will be explained. You will go through the jewel-cases, and you will come to the library as soon as you have done and tell me what you have discovered. Is it understood?"

"Perfectly, Monsieur, perfectly. I pray to the bon Dieu that Monsieur may be right. As far as

the household is concerned, Madame is still in her room. That is what Monsieur means."

"Exactly, Julie, I shall send a luncheon tray up. You will take it in. What about Minna?"

"Oh, Minna is Madame's most confidential attendant, Monsieur. She is devoted to Madame. I will tell her what Monsieur says. She would have her tongue cut out rather than say a word." Dick went downstairs to the small oak dining-room, where luncheon was served. He was careful to tell the butler to have a tray sent up to Mrs. Dangerville's apartments. He thought the servants looked curiously at him.

He hardly touched his food. Afterwards he went into the library. He was a prey to the liveliest anxiety; he was not only annoyed, but furious. This was the impossible climax to an impossible situation.

Presently there was a tap at the door. It was Julie. Her little sharp face was flushed.

"Monsieur," she said in terror-stricken tones, "a great many of Madame's jewels are gone; they are all those that she had before—the most valuable, the great pearls that her father sent to Madame to Germany, and the enormous diamond collar, and the emeralds, and the diamond crown, and the great snake belt, and several other pearl necklaces. Oh, Monsieur, do listen to me! Either Madame has gone and taken her jewels with her or she has been robbed in the night and murdered, and we must look for her—dead."

(To be continued.)

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